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MR. C. BURTON-BARBER.

HOW I PAINT MY DOGS.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE C. BURTON-BARBER.

A few weeks ago there died in England an artist whose pictures have become widely known on three continents—Mr. C. Burton-Barber, the animal painter. At this time the following interview with him by a representative of the 'Pall Mall Budget' will be of much interest, giving as it does such an insight into the work and character of the man.

An artist was seated 'close to the ridge of a noble down,' the very down to which Lord Tennyson alludes, painting a group of sheep huddled in the poet's chalk pit. An artist, around whom gambolled three charming children and a beautiful collie dog, and whom, as I drew nearer, I recognized to be Mr. Burton-Barber, the celebrated painter of 'The Order of the Bath,' 'Once bit, twice shy,' and many another well-known favorite of the British public. We fell into conversation at once, and at my request Mr. Barber told me the story of his work.

'I have been at it all my life,' said he, 'and my mother still has pictures of dogs that I drew when I was a year and a half old. Thus is the child the father to the man. Sir Edwin Landseer, to whom my father sent some of my early productions, and who was much pleased with them, urged me to study at the Royal Academy. The first picture I exhibited there was called "First at the Fence," thirty years ago, when I was about sixteen years of age.'

'Do you paint your droll incidents from life, Mr. Barber?' I asked. The artist shook his head. 'No; I make all the incidents out of my own head; I have never once got an idea from nature.'

'But,' I objected, 'don't you run a danger of "forcing" nature now and again?' 'No,' was the reply. 'I am very fond of animals, and I am always studying them. You cannot paint animals unless you fully sympathize with them. So I get thoroughly to know them and to guess pretty accurately how they would behave under certain circumstances. They are very like human beings, even anatomically they resemble us so much that I often go down on all fours, and think how I would do such and such a thing. But I never force nature, and I would sacrifice much for exactitude. It is a regular grind with me to sit down and think of some droll situation for a dog, which yet must not caricature it or be impossible. I sit down, and think of what might be.

'I have the greatest difficulty in getting people to help me to pose the animals. My little girls do sometimes. An old woman who is dead used to have wonderful power with them. But it is curious that those who are professionally connected with animals are hopeless for my purpose. A groom is the worst man in the world to hold a horse for me. I have by now learned all sorts of dodges, and I know, though roughly, how to work on their feelings. There is hardly anything a dog won't do to oblige you

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A SILENT PARTNERSHIP. After the Painting by C. Burton-Barber.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

The ability to ask wise questions on a lesson is quite as important to a teacher as the ability to master all the truths of the lesson for himself. Learning what is in the lesson is only half the special preparation which every teacher needs for his ordinary class-work. When he knows all that is in the lesson, then he needs to know how to question that truth into and out of his scholars, in order that they also may know it. A large share of the seeming stupidity of the average scholar in the Sunday-school class is a result of the clumsy and unintelligent questioning of that scholar by the average well-informed teacher. There are very few teachers who have the ability to teach all that they know. It is important for most teachers to learn more than they know now; but it is equally important for them to learn how to teach that which they already know. There is none too much time spent in studying one's lesson; but there is quite too little time spent in preparing to teach one's lesson; and intelligent questioning is an all-important factor in the teaching process.—'Sunday-School Times.'

WANTED, A CLEAN CHURCH.

I don't propose to spend my time in trying to get drunkards to join a church that is not clean. How is your minister? Oh, well, he is non-committal. How about your superintendent of Sunday-school? Well, he is a very godly man; he sticks to the Gospel, he never touches politics. But does he touch the liquor or tobacco? Well, yes; he is not one of your pronounced fanatics, he votes for his party.—John G. Woolley.

THE CROSS ON YOUR BALLOT.

My friend, put the cross of Jesus on your ballot, and it will cost you something. A Christian voter should be a man—not necessarily an alderman—that would be too disreputable—but a man; not a mere preacher, but a man, a son of God, and in these days that is an expensive affair. In the Church, if he be non-committal he gets ease and popularity; it may cost him all this and more to take the cross of Christ into the camp. Yes, it is expensive to think.—J. G. Woolley.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

Monday, March 25. — The better part. Luke 10: 38-42.

Tuesday, March 26. — Willing service. Mal. 1: 6-14.

Wednesday, March 27.—An iron yoke. Deut. 28: 47-52.

Thursday, March 28. — Service Rewarded. Mark 9: 33-41.

Friday, March 29.—Christ's meat. John 4: 31-38.

Saturday, March 30. — Our meat. 2 Thes. 3: 6-13.

Sunday, March 31. — Topic—Christ's yoke. Matt. 11: 28-30; John 14: 14, 15.

Monday, April 1. — Consecrate: your money, Neh. 10: 32-39.

Tuesday, April 2.—Your minds. 1 Cor. 2: 1-16.

Wednesday, April 3. — Your tongues. Acts. 2: 1-12.

Thursday, April 4.—Your hands. Exod. 35: 25-35.

Friday, April 5.—Your time. Eccl. 3: 1-12.

Saturday, April 6.—Your lives. Phil. 1: 19-30.

Sunday, April 7.—Topic—Things to be consecrated. Ezra. 3: 1-7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Lesson Book.)

LESSON XII.—March 24, 1895.

PURITY OF LIFE.—Rom. 13: 8-14.

Commit to Memory vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Abstain from all appearance of evil.'—I Thes. 5: 22.

THE LESSON STORY.

Do you remember the young ruler who came to Jesus? He knew the commandments, and said he had kept them all.

Yet, Jesus said there was one thing he lacked. He did not love his neighbor.

Love will not do anything to harm the neighbor, so 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

This life is very short. Even if we live to be old, the earth life is very little compared with the years of eternity. How foolish to spend any of the time in doing works of darkness!

One of the works of darkness of which Paul speaks is drunkenness. No one who loves his neighbor will drink strong drink, or do anything to lead another to use it.

Love—God's love—says, 'Put away sin, not only so that you may not hurt yourself, but so that you may not hurt others.'

Put away sin, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Do not ask, 'What do I want?' but, 'What does Jesus want?' If all would do this, how soon the awful curse of intemperance would be driven from the land!—Berean Lesson Book.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 13: 8-14, Put on the Lord Jesus Christ.
T. Rom. 14: 12-23, For Meat Destroy not the Work of God.
W. 1 Cor. 8: 1-13, Abstinence for the Sake of Others.
Th. 1 Thes. 5: 1-25, Abstain from all Appearance of Evil.
F. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21, Without Spot, Unrebukable.
S. Isa. 5: 11-23, God's Judgments for Sin.
S. Isa. 28: 1-17, The Drunkards of Ephraim.

Time.—A.D. 58, in the spring.
Place.—Corinth.

INTRODUCTION.

The epistle to the Romans was written from Corinth, by the apostle Paul, towards the close of his three months' visit. Acts 20: 3. In it he gives a comprehensive view of Christian teaching, and enforces important practical duties growing out of the doctrinal scheme laid down.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

8. Owe no man anything—pay all your debts; incur no obligations you cannot meet. But love one another—love is a debt never fully paid. Hath fulfilled the law—for the law is founded in love. 9. For this—the apostle cites only the commandments respecting our duties to man, of which only he is speaking. Briefly comprehended—the law of love includes all laws. 10. Love worketh no ill—one who loves another will do him no harm. Love is the fulfilling of the law—one who loves in the true sense obeys all the commandments. 11. Now it is high time—literally, 'the time has already come.' To awake out of sleep—of stupid, fatal indifference to eternal things. Our salvation—our deliverance from this present evil world and introduction into the purity and blessedness of heaven. 12. The night is far spent—the time of sin and sorrow is nearly over, that of holiness and happiness is at hand. Cast off—as a dress. The works of darkness—all evil works. The armor of light—those virtues and good deeds which will bear the light. Compare Eph. 6: 11-18. 13. Honestly — becomingly, properly; doing only what is fit to be exposed to the light of day. Not in rioting and drunkenness—intemperance in all its forms. Not in chambering and wantonness — varied forms of impurity and unchaste conduct. Not in strife and envying—every feeling and act that is contrary to the law of love. 14. But—to sum up all. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ—let what Christ was appear in all your conduct, as if clothed with his virtues. Be like Christ. Make not provision for the flesh—do not indulge the desires of your corrupt nature. The last two verses of this passage were instrumental in producing a lasting change in the life of St. Augustine.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What is the title of this lesson? What is meant by temperance? Golden Text of this lesson? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses.

I. Putting on love, vs. 8-10. — What command does the apostle give? What debt do we always owe? Why do we owe it? 1 John 4: 11. How is love the fulfilling of the law? Which of the commandments are cited in verse 9? In what one are they all comprehended? How does verse 10 prove that love is the fulfilling of the law? What is the law of love called in James 2: 8?

II. Putting on Light, vs. 11, 12.—What duty is it time to perform? By what consideration is it enforced? What is here meant by our salvation? In what sense is our salvation nearer than when we believed? What is meant by the night is far spent? By the day is at hand? What effect should the nearness of eternity have upon us? What is meant by the works of darkness? By the armor of light?

III. Putting on Christ, vs. 13, 14.—What is meant by let us walk honestly? Against what three classes of sins are we here warned? What comprehensive duty is enjoined in verse 14?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Avoid the embarrassment of debt. 2. Order your life by the law of love. 3. Be pure in thought, word and deed. 4. Avoid every appearance of evil. 5. Have no fellowship with works of darkness. 6. Let Christian temperance rule your conduct.

LESSON TWELVE.—March 24, 1895.

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

A Missionary Lesson.

Commit to Memory vs. 1,2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.'—Luke 10: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 10: 1-16, The Mission of the Seventy.
T. Luke 10: 17-24, The Return of the Seventy.
W. Acts 8: 1-25, Missions from Jerusalem.
Th. Acts 13: 1-13, Missions from Antioch.
F. Matt. 10: 5-16, The Mission of the Twelve.
S. Matt. 10: 17-24, The Twelve Instructed.
S. Rom. 10: 1-17, Faith by Hearing.

Time.—A.D. 29, November, at the close of our Lord's ministry in Galilee.

Place.—The borders of Galilee and Samaria; the exact place is not known.

BETWEEN THE LESSONS.

Chonologically this lesson comes between Lessons VI. and VII. Jesus had finally departed from Galilee, and was journeying leisurely and teaching and working miracles by the way. The lesson passage shows us the mission on which the seventy were sent, and from the context we learn how they fulfilled that mission. Luke alone records it.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. After these things — his departure from Galilee, his rejection by the Samaritans, and the continuation of his journey to Jerusalem. Luke 9: 51-62. Other seventy — besides the twelve whom he kept with him. Two and two—for mutual aid, counsel and prayer. Before his face—as heralds to announce his coming and prepare the people for it. 2. The harvest truly is great—multitudes need to hear the gospel. The Lord of the harvest—it is God's harvest, and he must send the laborers. The disciples' work was first of all to pray. 3. As lambs among wolves—the meek and defenceless among the fierce and cruel. 4. Scrip—a bag or knapsack for provisions. The meaning is, 'Do not delay for preparation; go just as you are.' Salute no man—their business required that they must not delay. 5. Peace be to this house — the usual token of respect and courtesy. 6. If the son of peace be there—if the family is disposed to receive your message. 7. In the same house remain — do not lose time by a change of abode. 9. The kingdom of God — the spiritual kingdom which the Messiah was about to set up in the world.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses.

I. Sent into the Harvest, vs. 1, 2. — Whom did Jesus now send forth? Whither did he send them? Why did he send them two and two? What charge did he give them? What did he mean by the harvest and the laborers? How is the harvest still great and the laborers few? What is our duty in this matter?

II. Sent to Carry Peace, vs. 3-7.—How did our Lord send them forth? What direction did he give them about their journey? About their abode? Why were they to remain in the same house?

III. Sent to Heal and Bless, vs. 8, 9.—What further direction did our Lord give about their fare? Their preaching? What is meant by the kingdom of God? How were they a blessing to those who received them? What were they to do if rejected? v. 10. What were they nevertheless to preach to such rejectors? v. 11. What is meant by the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The harvest still is plenteous and the laborers are few. 2. It is our duty to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest. 3. It is our duty to do all we can to support missions and to spread the gospel — to pray and give for this great object. 4. The Lord of the harvest will care for those who go forth at his call.

LESSON XIII.—March 31, 1895.

REVIEW.—The Four Gospels.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.'—Matt. 11: 29.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 6: 17-56, Lessons I., II.
T. John 6: 22-59, Lesson III.
W. Matt. 16: 13-23; Luke 9: 28-36, Lessons IV., V.
Th. Matt. 18: 1-14; Luke 10: 25-37, Lessons VI., VII.
F. John 9: 1-41; 11: 1-46, Lessons VIII., IX.
S. Mark 10: 17-27; Luke 19: 1-27, Lessons X., XI.
S. Rom. 13: 8-14; Luke 10: 1-20, Lesson XII., 1, 2.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent—What did Herod promise the daughter of Herodias?

School—Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom.

Supt.—What was her request?

School.—I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

Supt.—What did Herod do?

School.—The King sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought; and he went and beheaded him in the prison.

Supt.—Where did Jesus and the disciples go when they heard of John the Baptist's death?

School.—They departed by ship privately into a desert place belonging to Bethsaida.

Supt.—What miracle did Jesus work there?

School.—He fed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes.

Supt.—How much remained after all had eaten?

School.—They took up twelve baskets full of the fragments.

Supt.—What did Jesus say to those who had followed him to Capernaum?

School.—Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.

Supt.—What question did Jesus ask his disciples?

School.—Whom say ye that I am?

Supt.—What did Peter reply?

School.—Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Supt.—What charge did Jesus then give his disciples?

School.—Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.

Supt.—Which of the disciples witnessed the transfiguration?

School.—Peter, John and James.

Supt.—How was Jesus changed before them?

School.—As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening.

Supt.—What was the Father's testimony to him?

School.—This is my beloved Son: hear him.

Supt.—What did Jesus say about entering his kingdom?

School.—Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Supt.—Why did Jesus speak the parable of the Good Samaritan?

School.—To answer a certain lawyer's question, Who is my neighbor?

Supt.—Who needed a neighbor's help?

School.—A man fallen among thieves.

Supt.—Who failed to give him a neighbor's help?

School.—A priest and a Levite, who passed by and left him uncared for.

Supt.—Who gave him a neighbor's help and care?

School.—A Samaritan, who bound up his wounds and took him to a place where he would be well cared for.

Supt.—Who is your neighbor?

School.—Any and every one who needs my help.

Supt.—What did Jesus do to the man born blind?

School.—He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam.

Supt.—What did the blind man do?

School.—He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

Supt.—How did Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead?

School.—He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

Supt.—What did Jesus say to the rich young ruler?

School.—One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up thy cross, and follow me.

Supt. — Where did Jesus send the seventy?

School.—He sent them two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come.

Supt.—What did he command them to do in the cities that received them?

School.—Heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Review Questions.

Supt.—What is the Golden Text of this review lesson?

School.—Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

Trust the children. Never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them;
After sowing seeds of duty,
Trust them for the flower of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them,
Let your confidence direct them,
At the hearth or in the wildwood
Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember
May is not like chill December,
Let not words of rage or madness
Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones. You guide them,
And, above all, ne'er deride them,
Should they trip, or should they blunder,
Lest you snap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure
Mother's faith in boundless measure
Father's love in them confiding
Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children, just as He did
Who for 'such' once sweetly pleaded,
Trust and guide, but never doubt them,
Build a wall of love about them.

—New York 'Ledger.'

MILDRED'S LESSON.

(Clara S. Everts, in 'The Housekeeper.')

A few mornings later Mildred invited her aunt into the pantry, saying: 'Auntie, can you tell me how to use these bits of food left from the various meals, for in my desire to economize I have carefully saved everything.'

Her aunt could not repress a smile as she noted the various accumulations, but she warmly commended Mildred for her evident desire to learn and practice the art of economy. After taking a careful inventory of the edibles, Aunt Lois said: 'We will first remove the bone from this roast veal, crack it, and put it, together with the rough scraps and the trimmings from this morning's cutlets, into three pints of cold water, season and simmer until almost dinner time. Then we will strain it, and add a cup of finely chopped cabbage from the bit left after making the slaw last evening. We will also add three potatoes which have been cut into dice, a minced onion, and just before it is done this cup of cold tomato. Thus we shall have a nice vegetable soup to be served with small toast squares, which I see you have prepared as suggested a few days ago.

'The two boiled eggs left from breakfast you may return to the kettle and boil for twenty minutes. When cold we will chop them, also a cup of the nicest of the cold veal, and add to the slaw left from supper, which will make a nice salad to serve as a side dish for dinner. The remainder of the veal we will chop quite fine. There will be, I think, about a pint of it. We will add to it an equal quantity of fine bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and enough milk to make it quite moist, press it into a well-buttered tin—that long, narrow, but deep one—cover and bake about twenty minutes, then remove the cover and brown, and have a nice veal loaf to slice and serve hot. These cold boiled potatoes we will slice and put a layer of them in a baking dish, salt and pepper, and add a scant layer of fine bread crumbs, and some bits of butter. Continue to alternate the layers of potato and crumbs until all are used, having the crumbs on top and about twice as much butter as for any other layer. Pour milk over it, until it shows, but is not quite covered by it. Cover the dish and bake about twenty minutes. Remove the cover until the contents brown slightly, and serve the escalloped potatoes in the dish in which they were baked.

'That cup of apple sauce will be the foundation for our dessert. To it we will add a cup of milk, a well-beaten egg, a scant half cup of raisins, sugar to sweeten, and bake until the custard is firm. Serve cold.

'With the addition of bread and butter and coffee, we will have a good dinner for five persons prepared from left-overs, at an actual cost of less than twenty-five cents for new material.

'What have we for tea?' continued Aunt Lois. 'Let me see; here are two pork chops, a mutton chop, and a bit of steak. We will cut these into thin strips, and chop them. To two tablespoons of meat drippings we will put a minced onion, and when it has fried a little we will add the meat and cook five minutes, stirring frequently. To this we will then add about a pint of fine bread crumbs, salt, pepper, and a teaspoon of sugar. When the bread is a delicate brown we will add a pint or more of hot water, cover and steam a few moments and serve hot.

'To this cup of cold corn we will add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt, and flour and baking powder as for pancakes, and have delicious corn fritters to serve hot with syrup.

'The cup of cold rice and saucer of oatmeal mush may be thoroughly mixed together, a well-beaten egg added, also a little ground cinnamon or grated nutmeg, moulded into small flat cakes and fried on a griddle.

'With a cup of tea, bread and butter, a glass of jelly or dish of pickles, and some simple dessert, we will have a palatable, nutritious tea at small expense.'

BURNS.

Success in treating burns depends upon the completeness with which the irritation is arrested and the air excluded.

Surface burns are for the most part caused by dry heat, from direct contact of the flesh with the flame, or by moist heat, in the form of hot water or steam.

Scalds are more painful, and where the injury is extensive, much more dangerous than wounds caused by dry heat. In burns from dry heat the damage to the tissues is generally complete; while hot water and steam leave the flesh dead, it is true, as far as its usefulness is concerned, but still capable of undergoing decomposition and putrefaction with all the accompanying dangers.

Whatever their nature, however, all burns are to be treated alike. If caused by heat the part should immediately be wrapped in some substance that will effectually exclude the air, which becomes a source of irritation to the raw flesh. This may be done very simply and easily by cotton wadding soaked in carron-oil; or, if these articles are not at hand, the burn may be sprinkled liberally with baking soda, starch or even flour, with just enough water added afterward to make a thick paste. All blisters should be slightly pricked before the part is dressed.

After the wound has been smeared with some one of the above preparations it may be lightly covered with cotton wadding. The dressing should be removed daily, and the part carefully washed with a weak solution of carbolic acid—say from three to five percent—and re-dressed.

Burns caused by acids or other irritating substances should be immediately immersed in running water, that the irritant may be diluted and carried off.

If the burn is severe or extensive there will be symptoms of a constitutional disturbance of proportional severity. The first signs will be those of shock or collapse, which should be treated with stimulants and hot applications to the heart and extremities. Within forty-eight hours the stage of reaction and inflammation usually occurs, and we may have, as accompanying symptoms, fever and inflammation of any of the organs of the body. If the trouble grows worse, after about a fortnight erysipelas and blood-poisoning may result. There is nothing to be done in these last stages but to follow a physician's orders.

It is obvious that we may have all degrees of burns, from a simple blister to the complete destruction of a limb. What has been said in reference to treatment pertains only to lighter cases; more serious burns should be treated by the family physician.—'Youth's Companion.'

SMALL FRUITS ON THE FARM.

(F. H. Sweet, in 'The Independent.')

As a rule, farmers live well, but their tables show little variety, and they rarely have any of those delightfully wholesome sub-acid fruits even during the hot summer months when such fruits are most craved. In the fall and winter they have apples, and occasionally there is a farm that has a few pear trees and peach trees; but where one farmer has strawberries and currants and gooseberries there are ten that have not. I have known a farmer leave his work and tramp all day over the fields, and return at night with a quart or two of wild strawberries that a fruit dealer would have rejected with scorn. He exhibits them triumphantly, and it is scarcely worth while to tell him that one-half his labor would have furnished him with fine berries every day for weeks.

Now and then a farmer is induced to give them a trial, but the chances are that his interest will not go beyond the setting, and that the vines will become choked with grass and weeds and be ploughed up at the end of a year or two with the remark that they turned out just as he expected.

And here lies one of the great difficulties. To a certain extent the apple trees and pear trees and peach trees take care of themselves, but the small fruit is not quite so accommodating. It is ready to yield an abundant return, but must be understood and have some care. Perhaps the best method is to let the strawberries bear once, and then plough them up. I have tried most of the methods advocated, and like this best. Set the vines in the spring, and keep them hoed the first year, going over them three or four times, if necessary. It will not take more than half an hour to hoe a bed large enough to raise fifteen or twenty bushels. The next spring take some of the fresh runners and set a new bed, and after the old one is through bearing plough it up. It is easier than keeping the grass out, and I am convinced gives better results. A half day's work in preparing ground and setting, and another half day in hoeing, and the compensation is all the delicious strawberries your family can possibly eat, and a generous quantity for your neighbors, or to sell, if you wish.—'Household.'

SMALL CONVENIENCES.

A home may be fitted up in luxurious style, and yet if lacking in small conveniences it may be destitute of comfort. The house-mother or the daughters must attend to these. No mere furnisher or artist of any sort can supply them. They are the little things whose need is felt in daily experience. From the want of them may result innumerable slight embarrassments, or even serious trouble.

Anyone who has felt in the dark for a match-box only to find it gone from its place knows the disappointment that ensues. One who has required a string in a hurry understands the perplexity that may arise from the want of a ball of twine, or a box or bag filled with short cords.

It is, to say the least, rather hindering when one wishes to write a memorandum in haste and has no lead-pencil at hand. If the pencil be within reach, but pointless, the consequent delay seems almost irritating. Then there are the appointments of the work-box and the mending-basket. How easy it is to take a stitch in time when everything necessary is at hand, and how difficult a small task may be when the case is otherwise! Spools of cotton of various numbers, silk of different hues, needles of graduated size, wax, emery, and sharp scissors—a good supply of all these greatly expedites the work of the needle-woman. So it is in the matter of writing. When the desk is well stocked with stationery, pens, good ink, and postage-stamps—all these attract to correspondence.—'Bazar.'

CHICKEN SALAD MADE EASY.

One of the things that I have always been most anxious to do is to entertain easily—to appear the soul of a generous hospitality, and at the same time to make my guests perfectly comfortable mentally, and free from anxiety lest they may be causing me trouble. Accordingly I always find myself especially interested in all improved modes of preparing eatables.

I have learned an easy way of preparing chicken salad. It is what I call the short process, and I have been so successful with it that now it is the only way I ever prepare it. Get a can of boned chicken. Turn it out into an earthen dish immediately, and pick it up into small bits, carefully removing any particles of skin or bone. To this add one large bunch of celery cut into small pieces with a sharp knife. Mix the chicken and celery well together and stir into the mixture one pint of salad dressing, and just before serving add one-half cup of sweet cream.

This makes a delicious salad. Some have objected to the use of the canned chicken, but I have it on good authority that almost invariably when canned meats have been productive of harm it has been in cases where the meat was allowed to stand in the can after opening. If removed at once it is quite sweet and good, and the chicken when used for salad cannot be distinguished from the freshly prepared fowl.

An economical and very delicious dressing may be made after the following recipe: Three eggs, well beaten, whites and yolks separately, one tablespoon of salt, butter the size of a small egg, one-half cup of vinegar, one tablespoon of mustard stirred well into the vinegar, three tablespoons of sugar, one-half teacup of cream and milk. After beating the eggs stir in the salt, sugar, mustard and vinegar, also the butter after having melted it. Add the milk and cream last, just before setting the dish into boiling water. Stir like a boiled custard for fifteen minutes from the time it begins to cook. Pour into a bottle or glass jar and keep in a cool place.—'Housekeeper.'

SELECTED RECIPES.

Tomato Soup (Portuguese). — Cut up about fourteen large tomatoes and three large onions; boil and mash them, add two quarts of stock, a spoonful of sugar, one of salt, black and cayenne pepper; thicken with flour.

Apple Custard Pie.—To three cupfuls of stewed apples, add three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and let them stand until cold. Mix the beaten yolks of six eggs with the apples and season with nutmeg or cinnamon, stir in one quart of sweet milk, and lastly, the beaten whites of six eggs. Fill your crusts and bake without cover in a moderate oven.

Carrot Soup. — Weigh two pounds of carrots, peel and slice them, also a few onions. Fry the onions and carrots in a saucepan, and add two quarts of stock, some pepper and salt. When the vegetables are tender, take them out and pulp them through a sieve into a basin; and add as much of the stock in which they were boiled as will make them the thickness required; return the soup to the fire, bring it to the boil, and serve with sippets of toast in the tureen.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter as for pan cakes, using three cups of flour, five beaten eggs, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat the batter very hard, then add three large apples, pared and sliced, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Select apples that are easily cooked, or if they cannot be obtained, cover with water and cook until half done, then drain off every drop of the liquor, and when cold, stir it into the batter. Fry at once in large spoonfuls.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Make a good biscuit dough. Peel tart apples, and take out the core with an apple corer. Roll out small pieces of dough, place an apple on each one, and fill the centre with sugar and nutmeg. Press the dough around each apple, put them in a bake pan, pour a little boiling water over them, and bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve with sweetened cream, flavored with lemon or vanilla, or with any kind of sweet sauce preferred.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed;
He did it well;
'What was his creed?'
I cannot tell.

Blessed 'in his basket and his store,'
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task,
'What was his creed?'
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow—
Soft, light and silent in its fall!
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping below
'What was his creed?'
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
'What was his creed?'
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he.
'What was his creed?'
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in Charity,
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed.
For life is brief.
'What was his creed?'
'What his belief?'

BEYOND.

Never a word is said
But it trembles on the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And, perhaps, far off in eternal years,
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read,
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears.
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes, by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
As the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there,
For the common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far away.

THE WHOLE LEGACY.

'These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome.' Peace, tribulation, victory. But we are such cowards that we want to cut that legacy in half. Now just as sure as we have one-half of that legacy we must have the other. Don't you know there is always a sake? It begins away back in Isaiah, and then for the sake of Jerusalem, and then the Father's sake, and then Jesus Christ says for My sake, and that is the thing that is touching hearts to-day.—Archdeacon Kirkby.

JACKANAPES.

(By Juliana Horatia Ewing.)

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Valiant summoned. His will. His last words.

Then, said he, 'I am going to my father's . . . . My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it.' . . . . And as he went down deeper, he said, 'Grave, where is thy victory?'

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

—Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

Coming out of a hospital tent, at headquarters, the surgeon cannoned against and rebounded from another officer; a sallow man, not young, with a face worn more by ungentle experiences than by age; with weary eyes that kept their own counsel, iron-gray hair, and a moustache that was as if a raven had laid its wing across his lip and sealed them.

'Well?'

'Beg pardon, Major. Didn't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises, but it's all right. He'll pull through.'

'Thank God!'

It was probably an involuntary expression, for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the surgeon's head would have betrayed to an observer. He was a bright little man, with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death enough for both sides of his profession; who took a cool head, a white handkerchief and a case of instruments, where other men went hot-blooded with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip, male or female, of the regiment. Not even the Major's taciturnity daunted him.

'Didn't think he'd as much pluck about him as he has. He'll do all right if he doesn't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes.'

'Whom are you talking about?' asked the Major hoarsely.

'Young Johnson. He—'

'What about Jackanapes?'

'Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson, and brought him in; but, monstrous ill-luck, hit as they rode. Left lung—'

'Will he recover?'

'No. Sad business. What a frame—what limbs—what health—and what good looks! Finest young fellow—'

'Where is he?'

'In his own tent,' said the surgeon sadly.

The Major wheeled and left him.

* * * * *

'Can I do anything else for you?'

'Nothing, thank you. Except—Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson.'

'This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes.'

'Let me tell you, sir—he never will—that if he could have driven me from him, he would be lying yonder at this moment, and I should be safe and sound.'

The Major laid his hand over his mouth, as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

'I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle, which it's not every—some water, please! Thank you, sir. It's very hot, and yet one's feet get uncommonly cold. Oh, thank you, thank you! He's no fire eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone—'

'He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?'

'Yes, Major. A favor.'

'Thank you, Jackanapes.'

'Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it.'

'Wouldn't you rather Johnson had him?'

The blue eyes twinkled in spite of mortal pain.

'Tony rides on principle, Major. His legs are bolsters, and will be to the end of the chapter. I couldn't insult dear Lollo, but if you don't care—'

'Whilst I live—which will be longer than I desire or deserve—Lollo shall want nothing; but—you. I have too little tenderness for—my dear boy, you're faint. Can you spare me for a moment?'

'No, stay—Major!'

'What? What?'

'My head drifts so—if you wouldn't mind.'

'Yes! Yes!'

'Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf.'

'My dearest Jackanapes—my dear boy—'

'One of the Church Prayers—Parade Service, you know—'

'I see. But the fact is—God forgive me, Jackanapes—I'm a very different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch—'

But Jackanapes's hand was in his, and it wouldn't let go.

There was a brief and bitter silence.

'Pon my soul, I can only remember the little one at the end.'

'Please,' whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major—kneeling—bared his head, and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently—

'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—'

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's—

'—The Love of God.'

And with that—Jackanapes died.

CHAPTER VI.

Und so ist der blaue Himmel grosser als jedes
Gewolk darin, und dauerhafter dazu.
Jean Paul Richter.

Jackanapes's death was sad news for the Goose Green, a sorrow just qualified by honorable pride in his gallantry and devotion. Only the Cobbler dissented, but that was his way. He said he saw nothing in it but foolhardiness and vainglory. They might both have been killed, as easy as not, and then where would ye have been? A man's life was a man's life, and one life was as good as another. No one would catch him throwing his away. And, for that matter, Mrs. Johnson could spare a child a great deal better than Miss Jessamine.

But the parson preached Jackanapes's funeral sermon on the text, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it'; and all the village went, and wept to hear him.

Nor did Miss Jessamine see her loss from the Cobbler's point of view. On the contrary, Mrs. Johnson said she never to her dying day should forget how, when she went to condole with her, the old lady came forward, with gentlewomanly self-control, and kissed her, and thanked God that her dear nephew's effort had been blessed with success, and that this sad war had made no gap in her friend's large and happy home circle.

'But she's a noble, unselfish woman,' sobbed Mrs. Johnson, 'and she taught Jackanapes to be the same, and that's how it is that my Tony has been spared to me. And it must be sheer goodness in Miss Jessamine, for what can she know of a mother's feelings? And I'm sure most people seem to think that if you've a large family you don't know one from another any more than they do, and that a lot of children are like a lot of store apples, if one's taken it won't be missed.'

Lollo—the first Lollo, the Gypsy's Lollo—very aged, draws Miss Jessamine's bath-chair slowly up and down the Goose Green in the sunshine.

The ex-Postman walks beside him, which Lollo tolerates to the level of his shoulder. If the Postman advances any nearer to his head, Lollo quickens his pace, and were the Postman to persist in the injudicious attempt, there is, as Miss Jessamine says, no knowing what might happen.

In the opinion of the Goose Green, Miss Jessamine has borne her troubles 'wonderfully.' Indeed, to-day, some of the less delicate and less intimate of those who see everything from the upper windows, say (well behind her back) that 'the old lady seems quite lively with her military beaux again.'

The meaning of this is that Captain Johnson is leaning over one side of her chair, whilst by the other bends a brother officer who is staying with him, and who has manifested an extraordinary interest in Lollo. He bends lower and lower, and Miss Jessamine calls to the Postman to request Lollo to be kind enough to stop, whilst she is fumbling for something which always hangs by her side, and has got entangled with her spectacles.

It is a twopenny trumpet, bought years ago in the village fair, and over it she and Captain Johnson tell, as best they can, between them, the story of Jackanapes's ride across the Goose Green; and how he won Lollo—the Gypsy's Lollo—the racer Lollo—dear Lollo—faithful Lollo—Lollo the never vanquished—Lollo the tender servant of his old mistress. And Lollo's ears twitch at every mention of his name.

Their hearer does not speak, but he never moves his eyes from the trumpet, and when the tale is told he lifts Miss Jessamine's hand and presses his heavy black moustache in silence to her trembling fingers.

The sun, setting gently to his rest, embroiders the sombre foliage of the oak-tree with threads of gold. The Grey Goose is sensible of an atmosphere of repose, and puts up one leg for the night. The grass glows with a more vivid green, and, in answer to a ringing call from Tony, his sisters fluttering over the daisies in pale-hued muslins, come out of their ever-open door, like pretty pigeons from a dovecote.

And, if the good gossips' eyes do not deceive them, all the Miss Johnsons and both the officers go wandering off into the lanes, where bryony wreaths still twine about the brambles.

* * * * *

A sorrowful story, and ending badly?

Nay, Jackanapes, for the end is not yet.

A life wasted that might have been useful?

Men who have died for men, in all ages, forgive the thought!

There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the wealth of nations, but essential to a nation's life; the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.

Very sweet are the uses of prosperity, the harvests of peace and progress, the fostering sunshine of health and happiness, and length of days in the land.

But there be things—oh, sons of what has deserved the name of Great Britain, forget it not!—'the good of' which and 'the use of' which are beyond all calculation of worldly goods and earthly uses; things such as love, and honor, and the soul of man, which cannot be bought with a price, and which do not die with death. And they who would fain live happily ever after should not leave these things out of the lessons of their lives.

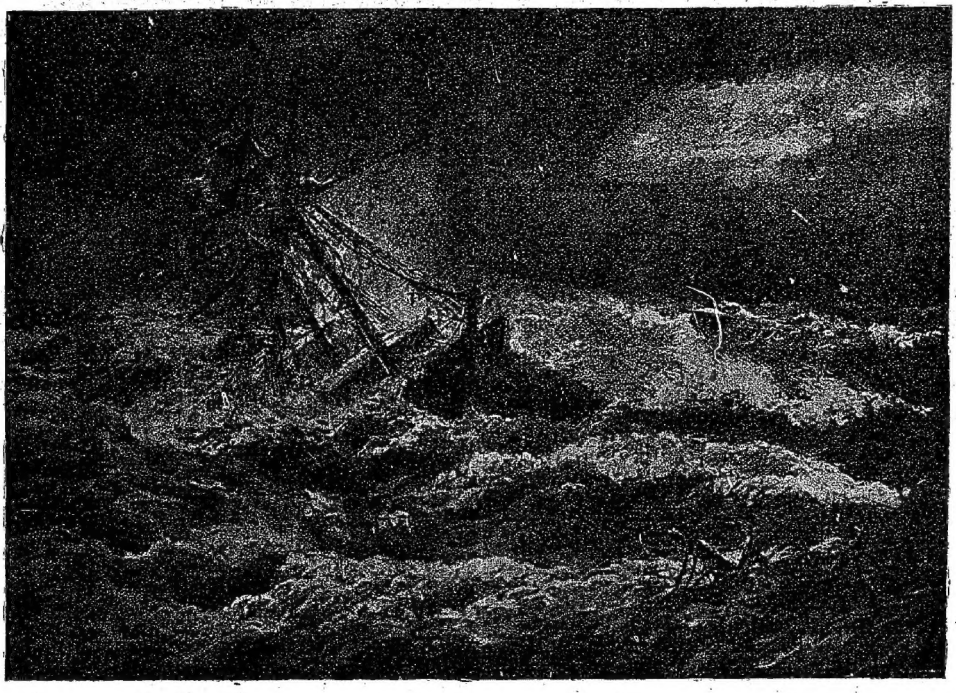
THE END.

HE BELONGS THERE.

You see a drunken man in the gutter; the fact of his being in the gutter is not so pitiful, as that he belongs there. He does not think. He goes into a saloon, hears something about the ticket that will give liberty to the workingman, and, drunk or sober, he, in company with the average Christian voter, votes that ticket—he never thinks.—J. G. Woolley.

THE GOODWIN SANDS.

The Goodwin Sands is a name that strikes terror to the heart of every sailor. There are probably more ships wrecked on these sands than on any other part of the ocean. They lie about five miles off the coast of Kent, and are thus just in the highway of most of the shipping going in and out from London. The bank is about thirteen and a half miles long by two and a half miles wide, and is divided by a narrow channel called the 'Swash,' navigable only by small boats. At low water many parts are dry and firm, but with the coming of the tide the sand becomes saturated and dangerous. These sands are said to have been part of the mainland at one time, and to have belonged to the Saxon earl, Goodwin, shortly before the Norman conquest, but they sank beneath the surface of the sea about A. D. 1200.



A WINTER GALE ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON VI.—Alcohol.

1. Of what natural drinks did you learn in the last lesson?

Of water and milk, which are natural drinks because they perfectly satisfy natural thirst without doing the body any harm.

2. What else do people sometimes drink?

Many people drink beer and wine and whiskey.

3. Are these natural and useful drinks?

No, they are unnatural and harmful.

4. What is there in all these drinks that does harm?

Alcohol.

5. What do you know about alcohol? Did God make it?

No. It is not found in anything that God has made, but is made in the death and decay of many of His good things.

6. Of what is wine made?

Of the juice of grapes or of berries.

7. But is not this juice good for us?

Yes, if taken just as soon as pressed out, or while still in the fruit.

8. How does the fresh juice taste?

It has a delicious, sweet taste.

9. What gives it its sweetness?

Sugar, which is in every ripe fruit.

10. If the juice is allowed to stand, what happens?

Soon little bubbles appear on the top of the juice, and the taste is changed.

11. What makes the change?

The sugar of the juice goes to pieces and its parts make other substances.

12. Can you explain this more fully?

Yes; the sugar is made up of three different things which grown up people call carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Put together in a certain way these three things make the sugar, and the sugar remains just as it is while the juice is shut up in the fruit.

13. What happens when the juice is pressed out?

Then the three elements that make the sugar are free to go where they please, and they like better to arrange themselves in a different way. So they run away from each other; and part of them make water, and part alcohol, and part make a gas that bubbles up on top of the juice.

14. Then if you see the bubbles on top what do you know has happened?

That the sugar has broken up, and there is alcohol down in the juice.

15. Is alcohol formed when the fruit decays on the ground?

No. Alcohol is not made when the fruit decays naturally. Then the whole fruit breaks up and gradually passes away. But when the juice is set free from the solid part of the fruit—as it never is unless somebody presses it out—then the free sugar in its decay makes alcohol.

16. Is alcohol, then, made in the life of the fruit?

No. Alcohol is made only in its death and decay.

17. Is alcohol found in other drinks besides wine?

Yes, in all the drinks we have mentioned; in cider, beer, whiskey, brandy and gin.

18. How does alcohol come in cider?

Just the same as in wine. The apple juice has no alcohol in it when first pressed from the fruit, but almost immediately the sugar in it begins to break up, and alcohol is formed, as we can see from the bubbles rising on the top of the juice.

19. How does it come in the beer?

Beer is made from grain, which is very largely made of starch. Starch contains the very same three elements that sugar has, only differently put together. When the grain is moistened it sprouts, and when it sprouts the starch is changed to sugar.

20. And then what is done?

Then the grain is heated so the sprouts, or tiny plants, will not grow any more, and then it is soaked in water to wash out the sugar. Then when the sweet water is left standing the sugar breaks up just as in the wine, and alcohol is made.

21. What have you now learned about alcohol?

That God never made it in any of His beautiful works; that it is only made by death and decay; and that when bubbles come on the top of fruit juice there is alcohol in the juice.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Only very simply is it needful to teach the children the change in fruit juices and in grain by which alcohol is produced. Do not teach them so minutely as to rouse a desire for experimenting, as has sometimes been unfortunately done. Just a few facts we have tried to make so clear that the children can never forget them; that there is no alcohol in living nature; that it is produced by decay, and only then when man interferes with natural decay; and that the moment the bubbles of gas appear on the top we may know there is alcohol in the juice. This last fact should be carefully impressed, the temptation to take the delicious cider is so strong. Bring the children to know absolutely that no fruit juice on which the bubbles are seen is 'sweet,' as they sometimes so longingly maintain.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

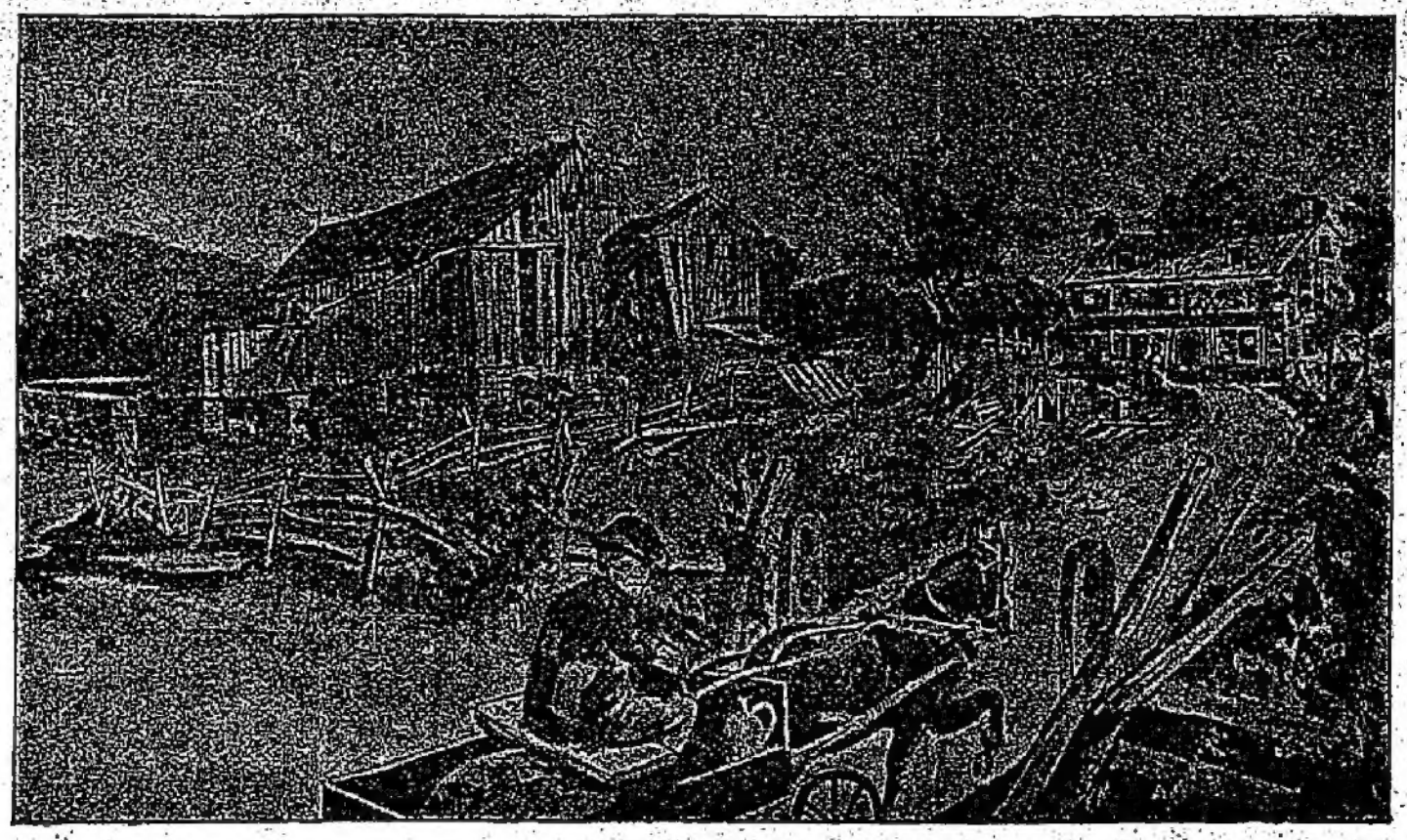
'I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the Land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought,
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, Jean,
My soul langs, to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day is wearin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fair ye well, my ain, Jean,
The world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.'

LADY NAIRNE.



WHERE HAS HE BEEN ?

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE IN ITSELF.

This is where Peter Tumbledown lives, and the man in the waggon is Peter himself. Where has he been ? Peter joined the 'Farm Journal' Club one year, but never paid the getter-up-of-club, and never read the paper. The getter-up-of-club may as well skip Peter this time. He ought to subscribe but he never will till he fixes up the premises, and he will never do that until he breaks that jug.—'Farm Journal' Poster.

BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

(By Beth Day.)

The sun was smiling cheerily, but there was no answering smile on Sue Clinton's face as she arose from the breakfast table.

'I shall have to leave you to clear away the breakfast things alone, Sue,' said Mrs. Clinton. 'Freddie is so fretful I must get him to sleep if I can.'

'I want to open my window and air my room first,' replied Sue, turning toward the stairway.

'You should open your window and spread your bedclothes to air before you leave your room,' said Mrs. Clinton, pleasantly, 'it would save you one trip upstairs.'

Sue made no reply; she went up to her room, opened the window and dropped her bedclothing in a confused heap upon the floor. Then she crossed the hall to her brother's room; here both windows were up, and the bedclothes were carefully spread out on two chairs, as Mrs. Clinton had told her children, boys as well as girls, to place them before they left their rooms in the morning.

Sue closed the windows with a bang; she did not turn, or touch the mattress, but catching up the bedclothes began throwing them carelessly into their places.

'I don't see why those boys need spread these things out like this, and make so much work,' she said to herself, 'when they could just as well leave them so that they could be put on all together.'

She went to her own room and made her bed in the same way, taking no heed as to which was the top or bottom of sheets or coverlets; tossed the pillows into their places, and, closing the window, went downstairs. Mrs. Clinton was clearing the table with one hand, carrying her fretting baby on the other arm.

'Why didn't you leave it until I came, mother ?' asked Sue, 'you know I was going to attend to it.'

'You know I do not like the food and the dishes to stand, especially the food,' replied Mrs. Clinton, 'there is always more or less dust in the air, and the bread and cake are getting dry.'

She sat down with her baby, and Sue finished clearing the table. She carried the dishes into the kitchen, and, piling them into the dishpan, poured the hot water over them, then began wiping them without washing.

After the dishes were put away she took the broom and brushed hurriedly about the middle of the floor, pushing the unused kindling that lay beside the stove underneath it, and leaving her brother's jacket just where it had fallen behind the door; and swept the dirt into the woodshed instead of taking it up on the dustpan, as she had been taught to do.

Mrs. Clinton was lying down in her own room, trying to get the baby to sleep, when Sue entered the sitting room to sweep. The girl did not open the doors or windows. She swept hastily and carelessly, sweeping around the rugs and thrusting the broom under the chairs instead of moving them; pushed her brother's slate under the sofa, and rolled the empty spools the baby had been playing with after it. She swept the dirt out on the porch and down the steps. The carpet was worn and dusty, and dust lay thickly on everything when Sue returned and took her duster to remove it. This work, too, she did as carelessly as she had performed her other tasks. When she had finished she took a book and went upstairs.

Mrs. Clinton sighed as she re-entered the sitting-room and noticed that dust still lay thickly on the rungs and backs of the chairs, that there was a rim of it around every article on the centre table, and that the bric-a-brac upon the mantel had not been touched.

She was still looking hopelessly about the room when Mrs. Catherwood, her sister, and Sue's favorite aunt, came in, and, noticing the cloud upon her face, asked its cause.

'I do not know what to do with Sue,' was the reply, in a discouraged tone; 'I have tried so hard to teach her to be neat, and to do her work as it should be done, but she does not like housework, and it does not seem any use at all, and she is as untidy about her clothing as she is about her work.'

'I have noticed that,' replied Mrs. Catherwood, 'but perhaps she will improve as she gets older.'

'She is fifteen now !' replied Mrs. Clinton, sighing.

A short time after this Mrs. Catherwood called one afternoon on her way to the sewing society of which both Sue and her mother were members. Mrs. Clinton could not leave the baby, and he was so fretful that she did not wish to take him with her, but Sue was going.

'I had forgotten that it was Society day,' she said, as her aunt entered the room, 'but I won't keep you waiting long,' and hurried upstairs.

She came down ten minutes later with hat and gloves already on, and hurried out to the porch without entering the sitting room.

'I'm ready, Aunt,' she called.

Mrs. Catherwood made no remark, but she noticed that Sue's hat was dusty, her gloves ripped at the seam, in several places, that the sleeve of her wrap was torn, and fastened with a pin, that there was a grease spot on the front of her dress skirt, and that the bottom of it was dusty, and the braid frayed and ragged. Two or three buttons were missing from her shoes.

They walked for some distance in silence.

'Your mother is a fine woman, Sue,' said Mrs. Catherwood at last.

'Yes,' replied Sue, enthusiastically, for she loved her mother dearly, 'there are few women like mother.'

'She has helped and benefited a great many.'

'She has, indeed,' replied Sue. 'If I can win as many friends as my mother has I shall be satisfied.'

'Yet,' said Mrs. Catherwood, 'there is one that is going about quietly leading people to believe that your mother is slovenly and untidy in her personal habits; slack, yes, even worse than slack, about her housework, and careless about the reputation and welfare of her children.'

'Oh, Aunt !' cried Sue, standing still in amazement and indignation, 'how cruel ! how unjust ! there isn't a neater housekeeper or a more careful mother in the city ! Who can be so cruel and wicked ?'

'It is one that has received almost countless benefits from her hands, too,' pursued Mrs. Catherwood.

'It must be Mrs. Hibbard !' exclaimed Sue; 'mother has done more for her than anyone else that I know. Isn't it she ?'

'No,' replied her aunt, 'it isn't,' but at this moment they were joined by another member of the society, and the conversation was dropped.

Sue sewed industriously that afternoon, but with a subdued excitement in her manner, that told her aunt as plainly as words could have done that she was meditating vengeance on her mother's traducer, when she should discover who it was. At length the work was laid aside, the younger members went out to walk in the garden or gathered in little groups to converse, while the elder ladies prepared refreshments, as was the custom of the society. Sue did not want to talk with anyone just then, and she went out alone and sat down in a rustic chair behind a screen of sweet pea vines. Presently the voices of two of the girls came to her ears.

'What a pity it is !' one of them was saying, when their words became audible to the startled listener. 'Her mother must be very untidy herself, or she never would let her fall into such habits. She is naturally bright and intelligent; it is a wonder that she does not notice, herself, how untidy she is. Why, her dress to-day is both ragged and dirty !'

'Yes,' returned the other, 'I have always supposed that Mrs. Clinton was a neat woman, but the more I see of Sue the more I am convinced that she is not.'

A flood of light seemed to burst upon the humiliated listener behind the vines. She was the one of whom her aunt had spoken !

'I know who the slanderer is, Aunt,' she said, as soon as they were alone, 'thanks to some remarks I overheard this afternoon. I don't like to mend, and I never liked housework, and I thought it didn't matter how I did it, but I see it in a different light now.'

'That is right, Sue,' said her aunt, 'you are trying to be a Christian; do you not see that by indulging in such careless habits you are led to break two of the commandments every day ?'

'Two !' faltered Sue.

'Yes,' replied her aunt, '"Honor thy father and thy mother." You are not honoring them, Sue; and "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Do you not see that you are bearing false witness against your mother's teaching ?'

Sue sighed. 'I see,' she said, 'but I did so want to do something better, something greater than mere housework. That looks so small, and mean, when there is so much more to do in the world. But, Aunt, I never looked on neglecting small things as a sin !'

'Dear,' said her aunt, 'I doubt if there is anything small in God's sight. You cannot climb a ladder without beginning at the bottom, and it is better to do well the little duties that come every day, and that we are sure of, than to wait for great opportunities that may never come. Bearing false witness is not small, Sue.'

'No,' replied Sue, 'and I never will again.'

She kept her word.—'The Housekeeper.'

LOST.

'Lost ! in a game of play, a little girl's temper.' Other sad losses are involved. Her mother's pride in her little girl is lost. Her companions have lost all their pleasure in the game. The little girl herself has lost all the bright smiles which made her face so pretty. And she has also lost the society, the affection, and the good opinion of her companions. All these things were wrapped up and lost with the little girl's temper. No one can find the lost temper but herself. The place to look for it is called 'Repentance,' and the door into that place is called 'Shame,' and that door is only open to her.

Strange that she will not enter the door, which conscience points out so plainly, and seek for her lost treasure, seeing how easily she could find it, and how unhappy and uncomfortable the loss of it is making herself and all around her.

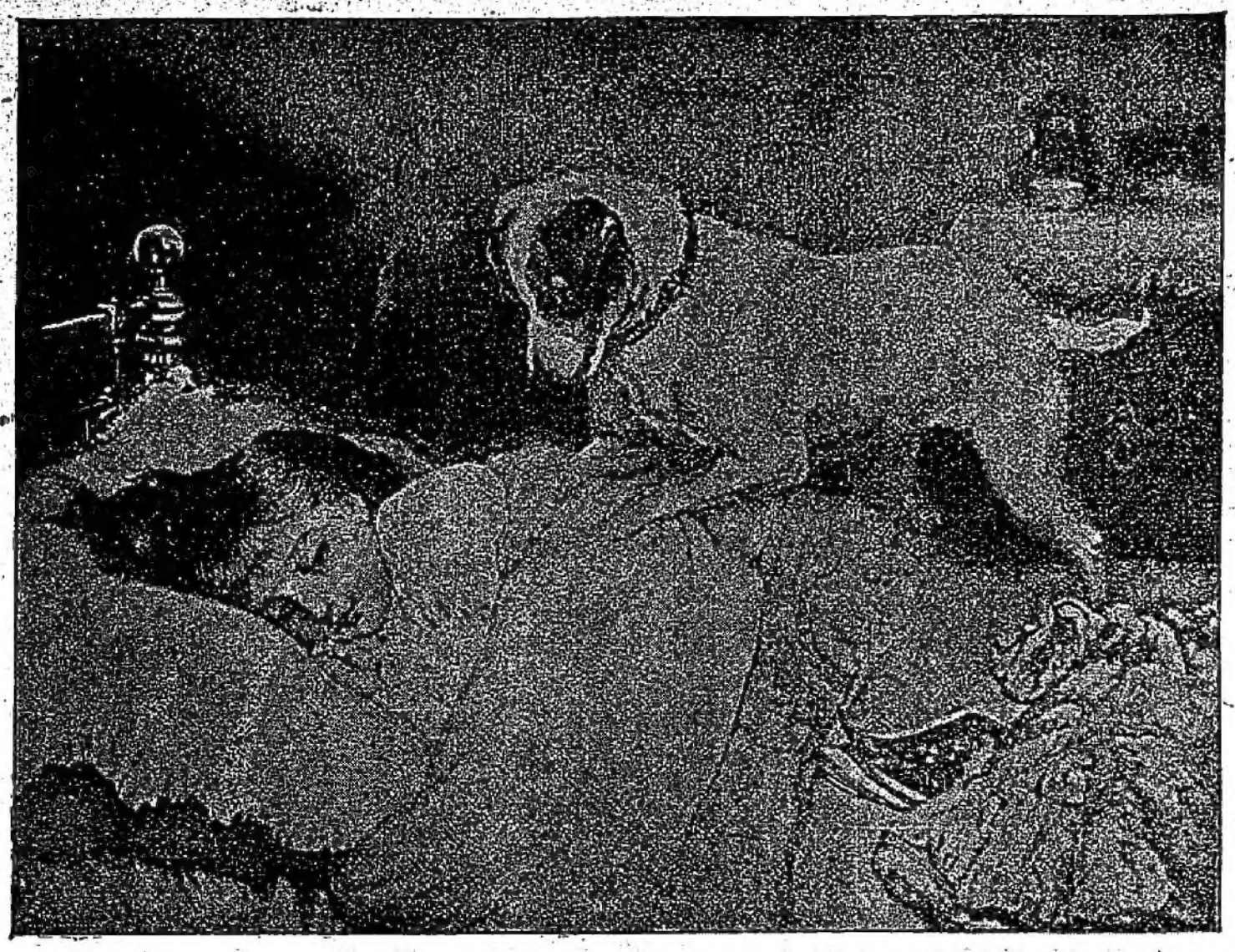
And not only can she find it if she chooses to seek, but a rich reward is offered her for its recovery.

The reward is—an approving conscience, a happy mind, her mother's pride, her companions' affection and society, the true beauty of a pleasant, smiling face, and a light heart cleared from the heavy weight of her sad loss.

What a silly little girl she must be ! First, willingly to lose so valuable a thing. And next willingly to delay, even a moment before setting about finding it again. — 'Great Thoughts.'

THE IDEA SPREADING.

Every community which thrusts the saloon out of its bounds, and keeps it out, furnishes a practical demonstration of the advantage of temperance. These communities are coming to touch one another, and to spread over large areas.—'Congregationalist.'



THE MORNING CALL. By C. Burton-Barber.

GAME WON AND PEACE LOST.

A little boy, about six years old, was, in general, a very good child, and behaved well. He dearly loved his mother, and attended to almost everything she said to him. But even good children and good people may sometimes do wrong, and this little boy did so too. One afternoon after he had been at play he looked very dull and sorrowful. He was asked if he was ill. He said he was not; but he talked very little, and he often sighed. His mother thought something was the matter with him, but she did not say much to him about it. At night he took leave of his dear mother and went to bed.

About an hour after he had been in bed the maid went to her mistress and told her that she was very uneasy about the little boy, for he was very restless; she had heard him often sob; and he wished his mother to come to him, as he could not go to sleep till he had told her something that made him very unhappy. The kind mother went to him; and when she came to his bedside he put his little arms round her neck, burst into tears, and said to her, 'Dear mamma, forgive me! I have been a very naughty boy to-day. I have told a lie, and I have hid it from you. I was playing at marbles with my cousins—I won the game through a mistake, which they did not find out; and I was so much pleased at being the conqueror that I did not tell them of the mistake. I have been very unhappy ever since; and I am afraid to go to sleep, lest that Heavenly Father whom you so often tell me of should be angry with me. You say he knows and sees everything. What shall I do that He may forgive me?' 'My child,' said the mother, 'God is ever ready to forgive those who believe in Christ, who are truly sorry for their faults, and who resolve to amend. We cannot hide anything from Him. He knows when we do wrong, and when we desire to do what is right. He hears our prayers, and He will teach us what we should do. Pray to Him to forgive your fault, and try never to commit the like again, lest you should offend Him more by the second offence than by the first.'—'Great Thoughts.'

A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: 'Use your guest voice at home.' Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is the lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

SALVATION ARMY AND PROHIBITION.

BY COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

On the question of drink the Salvation Army has only one word to say—Prohibition. It absolutely forbids the use of any intoxicant by any person within its borders (except when prescribed by a physician), and has little sympathy to offer, and less support to give, to any scheme of reform that stops short of absolute annihilation of the traffic.

The Army emphatically denies that the liquor traffic, prostitution, gambling—or any other evils of a vicious character—are in the slightest degree 'necessary,' because 'human nature is so constituted.' Not one of these things is tolerated by the Army for a moment anywhere. Not a single saloon, brothel, gambling-hell or race-track exists—or ever will exist—in any colony or community established by the Army in any part of the world. And the Army simply laughs (often prudently, and 'in its sleeve,' of course) at those who say that 'people can't be made sober by act of the legislature.' The Army knows that it does lie within the power of any legislature or authorities to keep liquor out of the territory or city under their jurisdiction, if they are seriously desirous of doing so, and knows with equal positiveness that men and women cannot get drunk on what they are unable to obtain.

There are few communities where the municipality could not, if it chose, annihilate the liquor traffic in one way or another under existing powers. Then let the owners of gambling-houses, pool-rooms, brothels and such places be compelled to close them for the purpose for which they are now used, and a wonderful improvement will be seen in the city in a very short time. This point has received some little consideration here, because such a large proportion of the crime (and misery) of our cities is due to the results of the liquor traffic. Out of every ten cases of destitution and poverty with which we deal at our Food and Shelter depots, seven owe their condition to drink, and it is matter of common knowledge that the records of the police courts more than bear out these figures.

MORAL SENSE DEADENED.

I was once the guest of a gentleman living in a Western State. It was a charming day, and after dinner he proposed that we should have a drive—he, his wife and I. There came to the door a handsome carryall, with a very fine pair of horses. The wife and I were on the back seat, and my host, with a cigar in his mouth, was on the front seat to drive. It was a bright, balmy day, and the fields were covered with new-mown hay. 'How delicious is the smell of the hay; the atmosphere is full of its fragrance,' said my host. 'I suppose so,' was my reply, 'but we on the back seat can smell nothing but the smoke of your cigar!' 'I beg a thousand pardons; I did not think of it,' he said. Of course not; he did not think. Why? The tobacco habit had dulled his moral sense.

IN DISGRACE. By C. Burton-Barber.

HOW I PAINT MY DOGS.

Continued from first page.

if you ask him in a proper way. I respect them very much. I don't keep any dogs in London because one is constantly hurting their feelings. They want to go out, but perhaps, generally indeed, it is impossible to take them, and then how crest-fallen they are. Fox-terriers are, of course, the best; they are ready for anything, from pitch and toss to manslaughter. One great aim of my pictures is to help people to love and understand dogs better.'

As gentle as a lamb.

'Pray tell me about some of your best known pictures, Mr. Barber, and how you came to paint them.' 'Well, let us take "The Order of the Bath;" in which I represent a dog undergoing his Saturday night's bath and struggling in his little mistress's arms. I imagined that to myself, and knowing exactly how wretched a dog would look under such circumstances I first of all made a rough sketch by guess; then my little girl and I coaxed the dog into that very position, and I made my sketch in full. At one time I tried instantaneous photography, but I didn't find it much good. One day my little girl, three years old, rushed into my studio, dressed up in a red hunting coat, and with the black velvet cap above her golden curls and a whip in her hand. There at once was my picture, "The New Whip," that was very popular. It was hung very badly at the Academy, but before the day was out I was besieged by dealers and people wanting to buy it.'

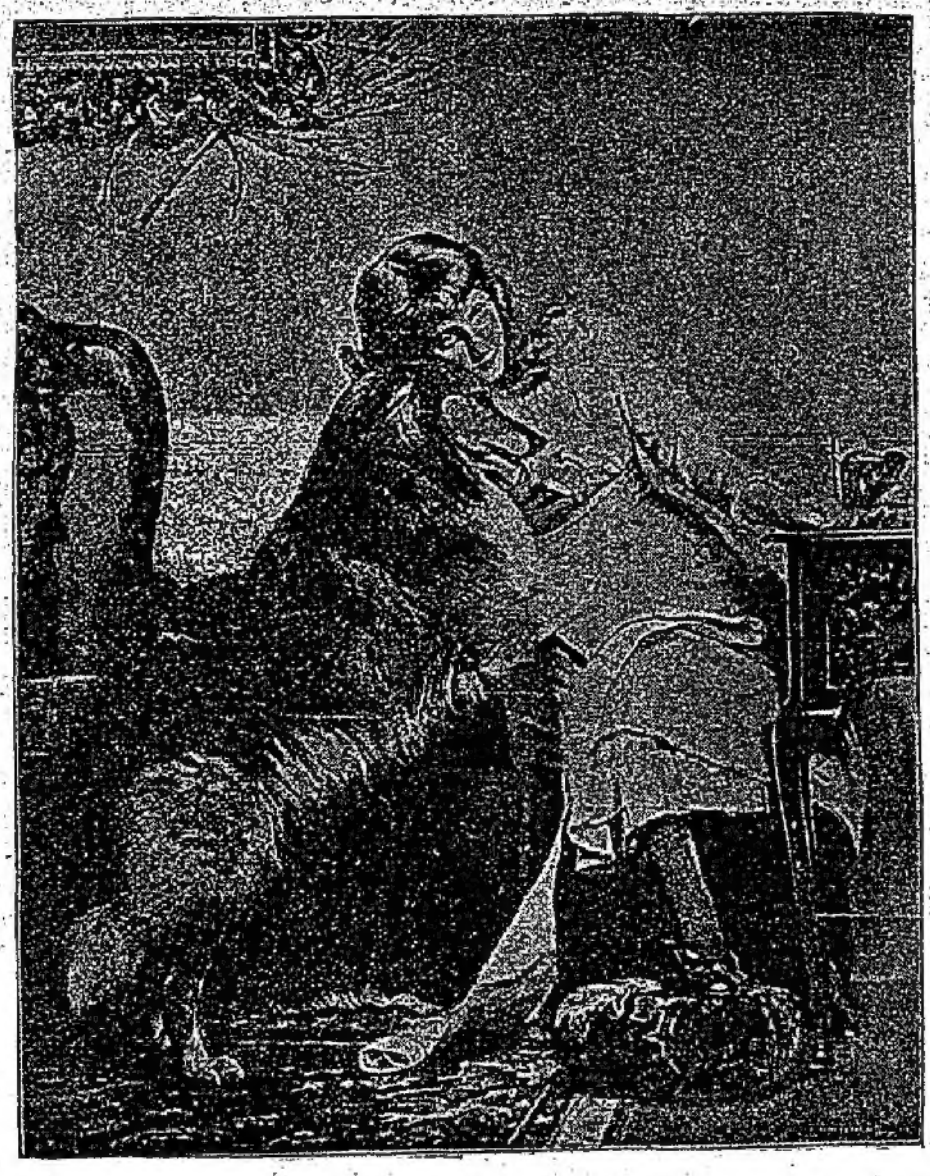
My Sweetheart 'Lassie.'

We then wandered into a discussion on the public taste. 'We must respect it,' said Mr. Barber. 'A picture buyer often knows nothing about art in the abstract; all he asks for is a good subject and a story, and it must not be too sorrowful. I really am by nature cut out for pathos, not humor. Sometimes I try and combine the two, as I did in "In Disgrace," where the little girl and her playfellow, the little dog, are in disgrace for tearing up some papers. But after all it is only an "April shower" picture, and we know it will be all right soon. You can't live with a picture of hopeless grief. People are really grateful to anyone who can make them laugh in these days of drive and worry.

A desperate character.

'The Queen is one of my best patrons,' continued Mr. Barber, 'and I have painted hundreds of pictures for her, and I have had absolutely hundreds of interviews with her. Perhaps you may like to hear a little about them. I often go to Windsor or Osborne, and her Majesty always comes in and has long talks with me, showing great knowledge of dogs and how to pose them. She is very particular and considerate even in trifles. I remember on the first occasion of my going to Windsor I was painting a pair of her gloves—for she always stipulates that some little article of hers shall appear in the picture—and suddenly she and John Brown came in. I had placed them on a chair. She wanted the collie "posed," and John Brown started forward to move the gloves and to place the dog there. At once the Queen stopped him. "Have you quite finished, Mr. Burton-Barber, or would you like them left there still?" she said. Few people are so considerate as that in a studio. On another occasion I was at Osborne the very April in which Lord Beaconsfield died. The Queen had fields full of primroses, and every day she employed twenty-five people to pluck them, and she would send a basket to him and to her family abroad daily. She asked me to paint a picture of these fields, which I did rather unwillingly, as flowers are not my forte. She was delighted with the result, and placed the picture in the panel of her bedroom door at Windsor, giving me a signed portrait of herself in exchange. She is a great picture collector, and I have to paint smaller and smaller, as she has scarcely room to stow away all she buys. Lately I have been painting all her grandchildren. The Duke of Connaught's little ones always play in the Queen's room before going to bed, and I have painted them in the act of kissing her old dog "good night." At the Queen's special request I have reproduced the room and all that is in it exactly. Whilst I painted the Duchess of Albany's children in the hall, the Duchess sat on the stairs and read Hans Andersen to them. "Sharp," the Queen's collie, whose head I sketch for you, is a very ill-tempered dog to everyone but the Queen, whose exact position he knows, and recognizes as fully as you and I would do. I give you also my collie, "Lassie," of whom I was very fond, and who had an extravagant affection for me; a famous bulldog, whose ferocious appearance quite belied his really gentle character; and "Tarquin," a notorious savage, who killed a postman among other things, and who, though quite friendly to me whilst I was taking his portrait, would allow no one else to enter my studio.'

The Queen's old favorite.



SWEETHEARTS—By Mr. C. Burton-Barber.

RANK POISON.

The head bartender of a down-town saloon is quoted as saying that he knows of a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several of the fingers of both hands, lost the use of both hands. He said: 'I know, and every other bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a pair of shoes behind the bar.' He added, 'Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats men's fingers and their shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much!' We commend this significant testimony to the thoughtful consideration of beer drinkers generally.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

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